



SUBMITTED PHOTO

A QUIET MOMENT

Thomas Jeremy Davidson, center, relaxes for a moment at Baghdad International Airport with two fellow soldiers. His unit was one of the first deployed to Baghdad.

Changing Clothes

Gary Davidson is a warehouseman with L-3 Vertex at Naval Air Station Meridian. He and his wife, Toni, submitted this poem to "Profile 2005: A Letter from Home."

"Our son, Thomas Jeremy Davidson, is a member of the 3rd Infantry, U.S. Army. He was deployed to Iraq in January 2003, and his unit was one of the first into Baghdad," Gary said. "Before he left, our daughter, Stephanie Davidson, wrote this poem to him. We are proud of his service in the Army. Our thoughts and prayers are with all men and women in all branches of the service."

I once held a baby boy in my arms,
He was dressed in white.
His face was my reflection,
Blue eyes shining bright.

I once played with a toddler,
He wore just a white shirt.
We frolicked through green pastures,
And made masterpieces in dirt.

I once knew a boy with a ball at his side.
He wore maroon and white and bounced it with pride.

I once scolded a teen for his choice of attire.
Baggy pants and sleeveless shirts were his only desire.

I once saw a lost soul wandering through life,
His clothes the same, his mind cluttered with strife.

But then one day I saw a man,
He was dressed in a handsome green uniform.
At attention he stands.
I once held a baby boy close to my heart,
And the man remains — never to part.

— Stephanie Davidson

In God Our Trust

Amber Neal is a sophomore at Clarkdale Attendance Center. Here's why she wrote this poem: "I have had many friends, relatives and loved ones who have dropped everything to serve our country, and I have never gotten the chance to say thank-you for all they have done."

I just want to thank you
for all the things you've done,
and all the many battles
that you've fought and won.

I also want to thank you
because you've been so brave,
going out into the world,
and fighting for those to save.

When we watch the news,
and see times are really getting rough,
we sit and say a little prayer,
and know we can't thank you enough.

Days go by and by,
and we wish you could return home,
instead of strange, different places,
some far-off and many unknown.

I can't count the many tears
through the day I've shed,
and I hope you feel the love
that everybody has spread.

Mighty warriors have been remembered,
those who've fought and died,
although none of us
can feel the pain you've felt inside.

We've all been watching
the world crumble to dust,
and all there is left to do
is put in God, our trust.

— Amber Neal



Neal

Dear soldier ...

This letter was submitted by Neeosha Ruffin, 13, a seventh-grader at Magnolia Middle School.

The war is not something that I am very familiar with. At the age I am, I do not see the reason for the war. Growing up and becoming mature, I now understand its importance.

I know that you and the other soldiers are doing something that most people wouldn't do. I realize the true meaning of "United We Stand" through your courage and strength.

Thanks for fighting for the rights I haven't had a chance to experience yet and for protecting the people of Iraq.

If it wasn't for people like you, then we wouldn't be the independent country we are today. Your excellence and bravery is truly appreciated. Be safe and come home soon.

Neeosha Ruffin



Ruffin